

A HOT RACE FOR LIFE.

Close Call of the Daltons, Pursued by a Posse of One Hundred.

START ON A LAWLESS CAREER.

Cutting Wire Fences on the Run While Under a Fattening Fire.

AN INDIAN TERRITORY RANCHER'S TALE

St. Louis, Aug. 11.—Burris Cox, a ranchman of Tulsa, I. T., and who, by the way, is one-eighth Creek Indian in his own right, was in St. Louis yesterday. He guarded 17 carloads of cattle into the city, and left again for the land of bucking ponies and dirty blankets by an evening train. Burris is a six-footer, broad of shoulder and rather lank of build, broad-cheeked and sharp-eyed. He can shoot as quick as the next man, and, as he terms it, "he hear right straight 'n' most." He talks very fluently about his wild life, and not the least interesting of his experiences has been his acquaintance with the Dalton boys, Grant, Bob and Emmet, whose names are now veritable terrors to railroad officials. Burris knows probably as near as any who are not members of the "Dalton gang," the true inwardness of many of their feats that have been distorted or belittled by deputy marshals and express messengers.

"I was brought up right alongside of the Daltons," said Burris, "and for a good, decent lot of fellows, they were as way up as the next. They were drove, simply drove, into stealing and robbing, but they've always treated me square. Soon after they got to going, they wrote to me and said: 'You ain't got any express cars to rob. We'll let you alone, Burris, and we want you to let us alone.' I said it was a go, and since that time I haven't lifted a hand to harm them. Anyhow, what good would it do me? I might be shot, and I might be and then I might go out and catch a heap of cold lead in my stomach, and my little wife would be a widow, my kids orphans and my ranch an orphan asylum."

Nine of the Dalton boys. "There were nine brothers of the Daltons, and Cole was the oldest, out to California early, near Fresno. Charles B. Dalton moved to Kingfisher, Okla., and went farming there, and Frank was a United States deputy marshal, and got killed near Fort Smith, Ark. while fighting with the law. But Bob and Grant and Emmet, they're the ones the country's talking about. Grant held a commission under Deputy Marshall Carroll at Fort Smith and Bob one under the Fort Smith court also. He afterward went to the Osage Agency as a deputy marshal, and while there got accused of selling whisky. This means the penitentiary if convicted, you know. Emmet was with Bob, and there was a writ issued against them both, charging the offense. Bob went to Wichita, where he had to answer for it and gave himself up. He was there bound over without evidence, and Alf Houtts and Cyrus Beardon was his bond for \$1,000. You can guess this made the brothers, and especially Bob, pretty blamed mad. It was then, and not till then, that they started out as law-breakers. They went out and stole a bunch of 30 horses and drove them to Baxter Springs, where they were sold. A man named Scott bought the horses, and they then stole another bunch. They wanted the money to beat that one at Wichita. There was a run on hand when the boys rode to Baxter Springs, Kan., with that second lot of nags. The owners of the first bunch were there getting back their horses. Bob and Emmet and a Creek Indian drove their second lot to Baxter sold as you please, and Bob went in to see if the way was clear. As he approached the depot he met a young fellow who said, 'are you the fellow that lost the horses up in the Territory, and are up here after them?'"

A Rush After Weapons. "Bob says 'yes,' and rides back to Emmet and the Creek. 'They're dead on to us,' he remarked riding down toward them, 'and it's about time we got going here.'" "Clem Rogers, a Cherokee, who lost one of the first bunch of horses and was in town hunting for them, drove down past the three of them and nailed 'em for what they were. Looking up the street, the two brothers and the Creek saw the men of the place rushing into the hardware store after guns. The chase was on. Grabbing the best horses in their string, Bob, Emmet and the Creek lit out about a mile out of Baxter Springs the Daltons left the main road and followed a little branch toward the boundary of the Nation. When they got to the line they found that the country was divided up into little fields ten acres

A PITTSBURGER'S UNIQUE WORLD'S FAIR SCHEME.



W. H. Wichter, of this city, has designed a giant "Observation Wheel" that befits a World's Fair. The wheel will be 230 feet high and revolve between two powerful steel trussed towers 115 feet from the ground. It will be the highest seat of observation on the grounds, except the proposed Columbian tower. It will be of double strength. There will be 25 cars swinging easily upon short horizontal pivots in the upper center of each car, so that no matter in what position the wheel, the passenger will rest as easy as in the old rocker at home. The baskets will be beautifully upholstered and contain opera glasses, a sliding table and other comforts for the benefit of the sightseers. There will be 44 spokes in this monster wheel, and each one will be handsomely decorated with the coat of arms representing the 44 states. The entire structure will be decorated in bright, fancy colors and in gold and silver bronze. There will be compartments en suite a la Americaine, Great Britain, Germany, France, Austria, China, etc., and the whole surmounted with flags of all nations. The carrying capacity of the wheel will be 250 people, and the time allowed for loading and unloading, including several revolutions, will be 15 minutes, providing for about 1,000 persons per hour. In eight hours over 8,000 people at 25 cents per capita can be carried. The plant will cost \$24,000, will be entirely of steel and will be run by electricity. There will be four stations to load and unload at the same instant. The wheel will be 18 feet deep, anchored with sand. There will be a neat arrangement to protect passengers in inclement weather, and the entire resistance of wind pressure against tower and wheel will be a mass of 280,000 pounds, while the weight of the wheel, net, is 190,000 pounds, and seats and passengers are 300,000 pounds, a total of 280,000 pounds.

riding a good nag and leading a gray mare. The Daltons proposed a trade, but the boy didn't want to change. The sight of Bob's gun under his nose changed his mind, and the trade was made. It took time, though, and by noon the gang was within 300 yards. The gray mare was fractious and threw Emmet before he had gone ten rods. He got on again and they crossed a branch with the posse, howling close behind them. On the other side of the branch the boys separated, and most of the posse followed Emmet. As he had a fresh horse, as well as Bob, they easily distanced the posse they'd have been caught and shot in no time. In that ride the Daltons cut 19 fences and only rode a distance of two miles by the way. Before they got through their zig-zagging Scott, the purchaser of the first bunch of horses, who knew the country, made a circuit of the land to head the boys off. As they were getting through the last fence the Creek yelled: "There comes a man." "Bob drew a bead on Scott and hollered: 'Come up,' Scott came. 'What do you want?' 'I'm hunting horses that ran away.' 'Then run off and find 'em.' Scott didn't stop to say goodby."

The Last of the Creek. "The posse of 100 men was not very far off now. In their chase the Daltons had to run through a field crowded with hay-makers. The haymakers made for them with their pitchforks, but as soon as Bob shot into the ground, by way of reminder of the posse, the laborers skedaddled. By this time the horses began to peep out. The Creek's horse was the worst, and broke down. The Indian then wanted to get up behind Emmet, but Emmet told him to wait till they got through the corral. The last they saw of the Creek was his black head now and then bobbing about in the corn. When Bob and Emmet got out of the field with their tired horses they met a fellow

you, when it turned out to be this thing, dragging a pike from his father's house. If Tom had experienced uncomfortable sensations regarding the slaughter of the bird, sacred to sportsmen, before coming to the Arnotts, they were anything but lessened when William Arnott whistled portentously and his wife flung up her hands in dismay as they saw the bird. When, however, they were assured that the deed had been witnessed by no one, they forbore adding to his apprehensions, and bidding him observe absolute silence on the subject, comforted him by saying it should be plucked and the feathers destroyed at once; the bird they intended to sup on. Tom strictly obeyed their injunctions as to being silent, and hoping to commend himself therefore the event which happened on the following day completely overpowered his people with surprise and consternation. It was noon, wanting but a short time to the laborers' usual dinner, and master and men were working in the mill. The hot sun shed its burning rays; but the scythes moved in unison apparently as steadily as they had done when the reapers alone reared in the early morning. Luke Perratt went to the policeman, and while talking to him led him to where they would be mobbed, and where his father and Tom quickly joined them. Tom there received a summons from the policeman to appear before the magistrates in the court room on Friday next, for the unlawful shooting of a pheasant on the turnpike road. It was all out through the officiousness of the official, who, newly appointed to the village, had seen the deed committed, and hoping to commend himself to the higher powers, summoned them on the charge of poaching. The Perratts, who, from father to son had borne an unblemished name, and been respected alike by those above and beneath them, were told that their son Tom would in all probability suffer imprisonment under the rigid laws to guard the sacredness of sport, and avenge unauthorized intrusion on its domain. Indignant at their yet their sorrow any sympathy with their son's trouble far outweighed their anger. They were determined, however, to expiate matters at head-on, and, if possible, by offering to pay a heavy fine. As for Tom, in the heat of his youthful horror at the prospect of imprisonment and the disgrace it would bring on his family, he resolved to take flight. When the family were sleeping he took

BORROWED A GRADE.

Application for an Injunction Upon the Sugar Run Railroad.

CHARGES OF COLLUSION MADE.

Siemens Brothers' Tank Process Patent Declared Invalid.

THE NEWS OF THE COUNTY COURTS

The application of C. Weidenfeld, for a preliminary injunction against the Sugar Run Railroad was reargued yesterday before Judge Acheson in the United States Circuit Court. Judge Buffington also sat on the bench, and his counsel will be taken by Judge Acheson in arriving at a decision. Weidenfeld applied for a preliminary injunction last December, and Judge Reed granted it on January 7. The lawyers for the railroad company claimed that they did not have an opportunity to present their case, and they asked for a reargument. Their application was granted and the reargument took place yesterday afternoon. Weidenfeld was represented by C. W. Artz, of New York, and the railroad company by John Ormerod and A. G. Dornan, of Cowdresport, Pa.

The projected line of the Sugar Run Railroad runs from Sugar Run Junction, on the Allegheny and Kinzua Railroad, in McKean county, in a southwesterly direction, to Sugar Run station on the Western New York and Pennsylvania Railroad. The road is intended to reach heavy timber in the Sugar Run Valley. Its chief promoters are A. Healy & Son, a large tanning firm of New York City, who have bought the bark on the timber lands of S. S. Bullis. Want to Reach Their Bark. Ten thousand cords of this bark are piled up ready for transportation as soon as Mr. Weidenfeld and the courts will be kind enough to allow the Healys to build their road. Bullis is a heavy lumber dealer of Olean, N. Y., who recently became insolvent. He is President of the Allegheny and Kinzua Railroad and he and a man named Barza, of Buffalo, own a majority of the stock. It was the building of this road that swamped Bullis.

Weidenfeld, who is a New York stockholder in the Allegheny and Kinzua Railroad, in his complaint that the Sugar Run Railroad Company has seized illegally a part of the grade and right of way of the Allegheny and Kinzua, and that this seizure was made through the collusion of Bullis. It is charged that the latter, knowing his own road to be insolvent and unable to complete its line, persuaded the Healys to come in and build the road up Sugar Creek Valley in order that Bullis might make a good thing privately out of his bark contracts with Healy. Only about two miles of the road, which Mr. Weidenfeld thrust a stick through the wheels. The Allegheny and Kinzua Company bought the right of way some years ago, and Bullis has the deeds in his possession.

Bradford Merchants Want the Road. The attorneys for the defendant company yesterday presented to the court a dozen affidavits from citizens of Bradford, members of the Board of Trade and City Councils, that the building of the road would be a public benefit, would open up a valuable lumber district, would help to develop the Western McKean county, and would largely increase the trade of Bradford. The defendants' lawyers maintained that the projected road was a public concern, and that Bullis and the Healys were denied, and exercise the right of eminent domain. It was also contended that the Allegheny and Kinzua Company had allowed its right of way to lapse. The charges of collusion between Bullis and the Healys were denied. The complainant's counsel held that the Sugar Run Railroad was a private affair, and had no right to seize or condemn land as right of way. No testimony was taken that will be in order when the Court proceeds to pass on the question of granting a permanent injunction. The Judge took the papers in the case and will render a decision in a few days.

Objects to the Assessment. E. P. Jones filed exceptions yesterday to the report of the Board of Viewers appointed to assess damages for the Twenty-eighth street sewer between Jones avenue and the Allegheny river. Mr. Jones claims the act under which the improvement was made is unconstitutional; that the work has been completed without due authority of

THE TANK PATENT INVALID.

Judge Buffington Renders a Decision Important to Glass Manufacturers.

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PECK'S BAD BOY.

Some drops are not as pleasant as others. The drop in the price of our Home-Made Clothing will be much appreciated by our customers, especially this week. In order to make room for the immense stock of fall clothing we are making we are compelled to clear out every vestige of spring or summer goods left in our building. To do this no sacrifice is too great. We need and must have room, so prices cut no figure. Excellent suits go at \$8; handsome suits at \$10; elegant, stylish suits at \$12. In pants you want to see the thousands of fine pants that go at \$2.25, \$2.75 and \$3. Nothing reserved; all must go.



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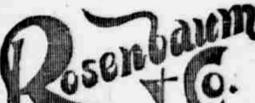


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AN UNLUCKY SHOT.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

JOHN SAUNDERS,

Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," "The Tempter Behind," "Robbing Peter to Pay Paul," "The Ambitious Widow," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER I.

It had been an unusually dry summer. The thirsty earth, parched through waiting for the long delayed rain, had, as though hopeless of absorbing sufficient nutriment through her pores, opened and split into deep ruts, ready like so many open mouths to catch the sorely needed moisture.

Farmers were loud in their complaints, papers wrote dismal relative to the approaching crops, and praying for rain had been offered in most of the churches.

The cloudless sky which morning after morning met the eager inquiry of the farmers, and nightly gave promise of as fair a day succeeding, strengthened the impression already prevalent, that under existing circumstances their crops suffered rather than gained by their being left longer standing.

A few, therefore, of the farmers in and around the little village of High Leighton, if such scattered homesteads deserved the title of village, had commenced cutting their corn and were already busy harvesting.

The men at Perratt's farm were giving over work for the night as their master with his two sons entered the comfortable kitchen parlor, where a substantial supper was spread, and where Elizabeth Perratt, wife and mother, sat with her work at the open door awaiting the return of her men folk.

"Luke," she said, addressing the elder son, who beside his father and his stalwart young brother of 16 looked strikingly delicate, "You've never been without your tea all this while? Father and Tom happen may go so long without, but it is foolish for you. Why didn't you come home, or I might have sent some over for the three of you if you'd told me you weren't coming."

"All right, mother," he answered. "Rose Arnott brought her father's tea down to the field, and as there was deal more than could manage they made me have some," wiping as he spoke the perspiration from his face and neck, before he threw himself wearily into an arm chair by the tea table.

The men when they had finished polishing their scythes, and had hung them in their place, followed Luke's example, and were soon enjoying a hearty meal.

"Did you say Arnott was in the field? Surely he is too ill to be of any use," Elizabeth Perratt remarked to her husband.

"He's too ill to be anywhere but in his bed," he answered. "But Rose says it amuses him, and takes his thoughts off himself."

"Well, you see," Tom chimed in, "when it's so near, only just at the back of their necks, I don't see as it can hurt. The air will do him good."

"Think he'll be able to work again, father?" queried Luke.

"Yes," Perratt answered. "He's like enough to be cured in a few weeks if he don't catch cold, and that's the worst. But what's to keep them meantime, I should like to know. They sold some of their furniture to pay eight weeks' rent last Friday."

"I'd like to send him a pitcher of strong soup I've made, only all hands seem busy, said his wife.

"I'll take it, mother," Tom said, quickly; "it was going round this evening."

"Oh, ay, you're always going; but I'll put it ready for you."

When he was about to start she handed to him a basket in which she had securely packed the soup.

"Waiting till she had rejoined the others in the inner room Tom took down a gun from the wall. "I may have the luck to spot a rabbit or two. I didn't see the good, or I could have told them as how the Arnotts are nearly starving let alone the rest."

Striding along with the gun on his shoulder, the basket on his arm, and his bright young face raised on the look for some venturesome rabbit, he soon crossed the creek, passed one or two long fields belonging to their farm, when to his right he saw something move. In an instant he was ready, gun in hand.

The long grass near a clump of bushes by the roadside parted, a brown something showed itself in the road, a rapid report followed, and the something fell.

When Tom Perratt went to pick up his prey he stood up aghast. He had shot a pheasant. He looked about him eagerly in all directions, but seeing no observer he determined to make the best of the matter, and taking out the jug of soup from the basket he substituted the pheasant—carrying the jug in his hand.

The Arnotts' husband and wife greeted him warmly. Rose had gone to the village shop to buy a loaf of bread, they said, but would be back directly.

"Mother sent a little soup. She thinks you might fancy some," Tom said, turning to Arnott, who was resting on chairs, "and I thought I'd managed to shoot a rabbit for

from his desk his small store of money, adding to say good-bye to his father and himself. He had a bundle of his clothes, and leaving a letter to explain and ask pardon for all, promising to repay the money he had just taken, he stole noiselessly out of the house and made his escape.

William Arnott had left the village to go out to America, where he had worked for some time. He had often asked Tom to join him. He was then at Southampton waiting for the ship to sail. Tom would join him there and seek his fortune in the New World.

Instead, however, of taking the direct road, he turned aside to the Arnotts' cottage.

It was in darkness. Picking up some earth he threw it against the attic window.

In a few moments a head appeared, which by the light of the harvest moon he at once recognized as belonging to Rose.

"I will come down at once," she said, "wait a moment."

"Oh, Tom," she cried, as she joined him and held out her hand, "what will you do?"

"Luke Arnott told her his plans, he noticed that she was fully dressed, and broke off suddenly to ask how it was.

"I could not sleep; I felt somehow you would come. And must you really go away from me? I'll be with you in four days."

At first the reports were far from promising, though written in as hopeful a strain as possible. Then the news came that he had obtained regular and suitable work, which, though poorly paid, promised well for the future.

At the close of his second year of absence he returned the money he had taken from his father; and later still a few useful presents arrived from him. He always declared in answers to suggestions as to his return home, that he dared not venture. He was haunted by the fear that should he do so the dead bird would appear in the shape of a raven, and that should he see it he would be obliged to avenge its "foul and most unnatural murder" on the living.

As time went on and Rose noted the growing despondency of Tom's parents, a thought for their ultimate relief struck her, which she determined to carry into execution.

Privately she had made many inquiries as to the dangers that might attend Tom's reappearance, after the lapse of more than three years.

Without exception she had been assured that, though it was just possible the summons for his old offense might be renewed, such proceedings would, to say the least, be most unlikely and, under the circumstances, unjustifiable. The lapse of time, the respectability of the family, and the youth's good character at the time would all help to secure his pardon.

Taking the information she had gained to his parents, she urged his father to make still further inquiries where the girl could hardly do so. Perratt, animated by the new hope of a pardon, took the duty, and Rose's assurances were corroborated.

The danger to their son thus seemed infinitesimal, while his reunion to his family would be to his parents as new life.

Tom, encouraged and strengthened by these representations from home, deter-

mined to return, and called for England, after having been absent three years and seven months.

Expectant of the wanderer's arrival, the old farm-house had assumed once more its cheerful aspect; while his parents day by day strained their eyes to watch anxiously every figure that appeared in the distance along the turnpike road.

The Arnotts, also, both husband and wife, looked forward hopefully to the return of their young friend; while Rose, it seemed, could only contain herself by her happiness by bursting into glad matches of song, full and blithesome as unfaded forest birds.

She worked, tidied, and adorned, both at the cottage and the farm, till, as the parents at both homesteads said, "there was nothing more to do."

Yet on the morning of the fourth day, on which it had been thought possible that Tom might arrive, she remembered that the dew was still wet on the meadow grass in the early May morning, as with little ankles she ruthlessly robbed hedge, bush and tree of their flowers and blossoms to cram into the basket on her arm.

Her large course straw hat had fallen from her head and hung at the back, held by its ribbons. Her bright brown hair glittered and waved in its nest braids as the sun's rays fell on it, and on her upturned, happy face, with its sweet, gray eyes and warm complexion, glowing with youthful health.

A prodigal, as he called himself, who had arrived at the town nearly late on the previous night, and who had started by daylight in order to reach his ultimate destination in good time, had in his keen lookout seen the figure, and drawn near to observe.

From the position chosen by him he had a good view of her face, raised in contemplation as to which branch of a blossoming apple tree she should aim at, and he saw that she was the same girl who had been so long absent.

The wanderer, travel-stained and bronzed, seemed unable to withdraw his glance, but gazed and gazed with a tender, wistful look grew in his fine brown eyes, and a deep sigh of intense longing swelled his broad chest.

Rose had by jumping succeeded in reaching her branch, but seemed quite unable to break it off.

"Let me help you," said a voice close by, and a tall young fellow produced a knife, cut off the coveted treasure and gave it to Rose. As he did so their eyes met, and the deep glow, which through the bronze burnt on his cheeks, slowly crimsoned hers, and dispelled the half inquiring puzzle look with which she had first regarded him.

"Tom, oh Tom! is it really you?" and she held out her hand.

"Aye, it's me," he said, taking and holding her hand and staring at her meanwhile with a look of which he was quite unconscious, but which caused Rose to thrill and tremble where she stood.

"I ventured back, you see, Rose, and though I'm changed a bit in look, I'm still the same Tom," he added humbly. "Are you glad to see me?"

Rose thought what she dared not express, that he was simply the best, the handsomest Tom she had ever seen.

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